

# Reminiscences

Eminently Worth Telling of Experiences and Adventures in the Great National Struggle.

## FIGHTING THE SIOUX.

dition to the Dakota Bad Lands and the Iowa Cav. and the Rescue

National Tribune: In August, 1864, I was in the 10th Iowa Cav. and the Rescue

plenty of attacks and repulses we came to the Bad Lands, and when we came to them we were filled with awe and wonder. We could see for miles ahead and to our right, and the strange hills, buttes and mounds of all conceivable shapes—all lying far below the ground upon which we stood.

Soon afterwards we entered into the Teakalekuta battle. During the first day of a solid week's fighting, our ranks were filled with the dead and the wounded. We were shot and badly wounded. We searched out our own pass through this land of terror to the Yellowstone River. It was a continuous fight for all these days and nights and water was scarce. Hundreds of team animals and great numbers of our beloved cavalry horses were shot down to make the river filled with death. The soldiers would walk from such sights with tears in their eyes.

After using alkali water for days we found a pure mineral spring. This was badly accepted by man and beast as a precious boon from Providence. We really fought these 7,000 hard-fighting warriors to and across the river. The river was the only water for the weary and the thirsty. The early-defined print of a white woman's shoes in the mud. After crossing a Yellowstone River we gave up the fight.

After recapturing there a few days we started homeward down the Yellowstone, and while on that river we killed a shrinking frame with an abundance of deer and elk meat, and finally reached the old Missouri River at Fort Union, where we were quartered for the winter. But these few thoughts were of brief duration, for the Indians were ordered to go to the relief of an important wagon train which had been seized by the Indians 200 miles west of us. About 1,000 of this train and hundreds of men, women and children.

They were Minnesota and on their way to Montana to escape war drafts, were hoping to overtake us for protection. Capt. Fisk, a citizen, was in charge of the train. He shipped two tons of goods and a number of horses in condition to our command, which, immediately for them, reached us in the nick of time, as we were ready to start.

We arrived in time, and found the wagon train surrounded by a large number of Indians. Soon after arrival we saw a young man, a white boy, and placed a stick in the ground, and in the split end of a stick in view. This stick sent for, and Mrs. Kelly, by order of the army, negotiating a trade for her horse and wagon loads of food and 40 head of cattle.

Fisk offered the Indians two wagon loads of food, with teams in addition, while one of Fisk's men offered all that he had, \$500 in cash. This offer was agreed to by the chief, with a stipulation that all should be sent in advance. These conditions were not agreed to, and no deal was made. We were soon on our way back to the river, where we escorted the party in safety.

On Dec. 5, 1864, while at Fort Sully, a lone Indian brought in a letter from Mrs. Kelly, stating that her husband, John Kelly, was at the fort. She said she would be at the fort. She said she would be at the fort. She said she would be at the fort.

Mrs. Kelly had been captured early in the Spring of 1864. Mr. Kelly's wagon was robbed and burned in the night, while he was at the fort. The gates were all closed but the front one. She rode in, and the gates closed on the redskins. But no fight took place.

For her kindness to Union soldiers, Mrs. Kelly had become very popular among our boys, and when the word came that she was to be released, they were all glad to see her. She was released, and she was taken away. Mrs. Kelly was released, and she was taken away.

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## From Alert Comrades Along the Whole Line.

Editor National Tribune: In the National Tribune of May 26 I notice with some surprise and amusement a communication from Comrade S. A. McNeil, of the 31st Ohio, under the above caption. I can assist Comrade McNeil and Correll to straighten this matter out. I was in command of the skirmish line sent out by the First Brigade, Third Division, Fourteenth Corps, on this occasion, during the night of Aug. 31 we were advancing, under constant apprehension of meeting the rebels, and but a few minutes, we would build breastworks as best we could. We met no enemy, however, and about 5 p. m. I was ordered out with a line of skirmishers to advance on the Macdonald Railroad.

The weather was oppressively warm, and our way led through woods and underbrush for some distance. I remember it, without a shot being fired. I did not understand that we were surprised by the rebels, but I was puzzled to know what I had been doing with it, now I had it. While standing on the track waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting.

It didn't take me long to change position to the other side of a freight car standing on the sidetrack. The comrade in error in saying "the skirmishers held the railroad one and a half hours and were driven back." I remember it, we only remained there a few minutes, possibly a half hour, and were recalled by orders from our own command. I was not sure whether the order came from Col. M. C. Hunter, commanding the brigade, or Lieut. Col. Wm. Glenn, of my own regiment, but I was not sure.

At the time we were ordered to advance on the Macdonald Railroad, I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting.

It soon became quite dark, and I began to feel the effects of the cold. I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting.

As we approached the railroad this time we were met by a few skirmishers, and we were ordered to advance. I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting.

I do not remember any shots fired except the few that were fired by the skirmishers. I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting.

I deplore the disposition of comrades to make "mountains out of molehills." I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting.

Editor National Tribune: Comrade Nelson, a little while ago, in the National Tribune, said that he had been a hanging bee at Little Rock, Ark. I witnessed a hanging bee there in the Spring of 1864 (he gives 1863), and the one I refer to was a hanging bee at Little Rock, Ark. I witnessed a hanging bee there in the Spring of 1864 (he gives 1863), and the one I refer to was a hanging bee at Little Rock, Ark.

We were to the old jail, and a 26th Iowa Cavalry, being in charge of the jail, acted as guard. I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting.

Editor National Tribune: I have been a participant in the battles of the Wilderness. I have followed John McCloy's version of the battle with interest. I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting.

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## PICKET SHOTS

and some of the men complained to Gen. Banks, who said they were not to be shot. I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting, I was standing by the tracks waiting.

Wood's Forces. Mrs. Nellie Upton Wallington, author of "American History by American Poets," in answer to Comrade Samuel Johnson, of the 10th Ohio, who wishes to know how the command of the Confederate General John B. Hood in the advance and at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., says that she is the widow of a veteran who has made a living for fatherless children for some time by compiling military records, and is able to lay hands on the information desired and gladly forwards it as follows:

"On Nov. 6 Hood had congregated at Florence a force of 41,185 infantry and artillery, of whom 3,444 were cavalry, making a total of 44,729. About Nov. 18 he was joined by Forrest with a cavalry corps numbering 5,200, increasing the total force to 50,000, including the officers. These forces were embodied in the official report of Beauregard. In an abstract of officers and men present as noted in the returns of Gen. Hood the aggregate was as follows, as reported by Gen. Beauregard. Hood notes in his summary as follows:

Gen. Hood and staff..... 10,851  
1st Corps..... 10,851  
2nd Corps..... 10,851  
3rd Corps..... 10,851  
4th Corps..... 10,851  
5th Corps..... 10,851  
6th Corps..... 10,851  
7th Corps..... 10,851  
8th Corps..... 10,851  
9th Corps..... 10,851  
10th Corps..... 10,851  
Total..... 41,445

Forrest's forces are not included in this enumeration. Youngest Son. Comrade Anton Christian, 1352 Lexington Avenue, New York City, has been a member of the National Tribune for the past 20 years, and has no doubt at various times articles about the youngest son of a veteran. Comrade Christian has a grandson who is the son of a veteran, and is now a member of the National Tribune.

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## MUSTERED OUT.

The following comrades have been mustered out from the National Military Home, Ohio, and are reported by the National Tribune: Walter Curtis, Co. D, 1st N. Y. Dragoons; Henry Vann, Missouri War; George W. Patterson, Co. B, 2nd N. Y. Dragoons; Allen, Co. I, 4th N. Y. Dragoons.

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